## May shine the secret nguts acove May shine the poet's golden name, One little hour of simple love Outweighs a million years of fame. —Henry W. Austin in Southern Bivouac. THE BUCKSKIN MARE.

It was 12, midnight, when Private O'Rourke went off sentry duty and borrowed a chew of tobacco from his relief,

Private) Fenton. "There's some divil's work afut the night, John," he remarked, positively, as he grounded his gun and began to strip off his white cotton gloves. He looked over the prairie to a point where the moonlight became silver mist, and shook his head at the yelping chorus which came from beyond the limit of his vision. The air was so dry and the night otherwise so still that the sounds might have traveled a mile or more before the vibrations fell upon the tympanums at the gate

of the fort. "Manny's the night I've heard the ka-yow-tee's howl, but niver a wance have I heard thim sing so fortissimo and all togither as they have sung the last hour or more. They've got some live thing down and are stripping ets bones. At 9 et wuz wan here, and wan in the sage brush, and van 'way down in the canyon. At 10 gither, and louder, like hounds on a trail. Thin, all at wance, I heard a scream—et wuz a harse, I lay my hat et wuz a harse that screamed—and frum that minute they've been howling like banshees. God pity the baste they've killed, and et's sorra a taste will be left of him in the marnin' but bones and it's bad luck to the ka-yow-tee that comes in rache of my gun, when I'm on duty or off-I'll give give hem a slug, sure as my name's O'Rourke, I'll give hem a slug."
"Oh, come off, Phelim, and let the coyotes alone. It's no funeral of ours if they

"Ay! But that makes me remimber. Et the n'ise rouses Miss Bessie—God bless her for the swatest divil that iver wore silk—of the n'ise rouses her, and she gets up and goes off with her hounds on a chase after thim, don't let her set a fut outside the stockade the night. Et's the meejor's orders." "All right. But it's little she cares for

her father's orders. If she wants to go, and I refuse the gate, she'll be over the stockade at the other end of the fort in-"Ay! She's wild, she is that. But

ivery inch the leddy. D'ye mind her in-step? And her heart"—
The subject was too large for O'Rourke's limited vocabulary, and in sheer disability to do it justice he shouldered his gun and stepped away to his barrack. It was out of the fullness of his mind that the mouth refused to speak. The evidences of the girl's tenderness of heart were so many that it was hard to select a single one from

But it was not her human kindliness, nor her beauty of face, nor yet her Junolike carriage, that came dangerously near to setting her upon the pinnable beside O'Rourke's other god and making him fall down and worship ber. It was what he called her "divilishness" that make the major's daughter Bess'e his goddess.
Along with her first teeth, she took on
the name of tomboy, and now in her 19th
year she was a tomboy still, without fear
of man or beast, and happiest when alone on the prairie with her horse and her two greyhounds. She felt cribbed, cabined and confined within the four walls of a room, and when the spirit moved her, by night or by day, she whistled to her hounds and was off for a run or a ride. The spirit had moved her to-night. But nstead of whistling for the dogs or calling

to the groom to saddle her horse, she stepped stealthily to the stables, keeping in the strong shadow cast by the moon as far as possible. She wore a visorless cloth cap bound securely to her head; her and when she took an upward step to reach a saddle hanging from a peg her boot showed that it was of brown leather one of those double girthed, horn pom-meled ranchman's heavy weights—fitted with a rawhide lariat—which, when once in place, stick to the horse like another cuticle, and by their shape help the rider to cling closer than a brother. Both the girl's heels were spurred—the teeth on the rowels of half inch, razor edged steel—and the bit she selected was a curb with large

A big buckskin mare, which was tethered in the open, not far from the saddle peg, threw her ears forward and curled her lips away from her teeth like a snarling bulldog when the girl came toward her dragging the jingling harness. She had the deep barrel, long legs, wide reach, short pasterns and perfect hoofs of the racer; but her ewe neck smalled her as a beauty, and the quick switching of her have told the experienced horseman at once that her temper was treacherous.

When the girl passed before her, within reach of her teeth, her ears went back, her mouth opened and her head shot forward with that savage lunge peculiar to biting horses. But the vicious head only en-

blinded the beast's eyes and was firmly knotted behind and under the tips of the still dropping ears. The mare stood still. Only a slight trembling, from her yellow withers to her yellow pasterns, told of the rage which the blind had dammed up. he blind had dammed up.
"Poor old Buckskin!" said the girl,

soothingly, as she patted the ewe neck. "are they going to saddle you and ride you when you don't want to be saddled and ridden!" Then she whistled the bugle call, "Boots

and Saddle!" while she threw on the harness and drew both girths up till the buckle tongues fitted in the last holes. "My! But wouldn't father be angry if he saw me! He says that no man in the fort can ride Buckskin because she is so vicious and the idea of having her shot to-morrow! I shall take her a long, long run to-night and show her that the mare made to work, and then to-morrow she'll be gentle as an antelope kid."

ridge a couple of furlongs from the stock-ade, when it litted its head toward the osn and gave out a long drawn, mourn-"Yes, we are coming, my friend." The tether rope had been cast off now, and the

girl was astride the mare. "We are comng-possibly to find ourselves at dinner where we cannot eat." There was a ense look about the muscles of her mouth and a gravity in her eyes which showed that she appreciated the danger of the ride before her. She looked across the barrack yard to the fence, and thence over the prairies to the ridge where the coyote stood out in relief against the background of aliver moonlight.

Then her fingers moved in the knotted inds of the shawl, and the next moment the shawl fell away. The mare's eyes were opened. Before she had fully gained sness the steel rowels stung her ides, and instinctively she went away ful rider, with bit and spurs, lifted her over the six foot stockade, and then the

struggle began.

The coyote's howl changed to a yelp, and with its tail between its legs it ran rom the sight of the plunging, rearing and kicking wild beast, which, struggle i ever so bravely, could not dislodge its

look on the girl's face gave way to a smile. She knew the brute's temper well enough to know that when it found it could not maseat its burden it would set off on a mad gallop across the prairie, and after that victory was only a matter of time—skillful guidance alone being needed to keep the mare out of the ravines and the

But the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, for time and chance happeneth to them all. When the gallop came the loose end of the lariat affixed to the pommel of the saddle fell to the grass, and as the mare streamed over the prairie at a headlong gait the lariat gradually unwound, until its entire length was trailing. The trailing end caught on the trunk of a sage bush, and when the mare's impetuous plunge tore the bush from its roots, the shock sent the lariat flying from the und and whipped it twice around the ground and whipped it twice the apright body of the girl, by a horrible stality binding her hands close to her stality binding her hands her twice the staling her hands are twice the staling her hands a staling her hands reast and her whole body to the saddle.

for as guidance was concerned, the nekskin mare was practically without a The girl tried to rise, so as to loosen the mbrace of the cord, but she was bound town. She put all her strength into her rms and strove to tear her hands away.

For the first time in her life she appreciated the tragedy in the lives of the help-

roses, and instead of making of across the prairies struck up a course parellel with that of the mare. Then the girl bent over, and with her little teeth—they were like grains of rice—began to gnaw the dried and weather-

now; her heart choked her; her helplessness made her afraid. Another coyote slipped out of the mist on the other side of the wildly galloping mare, and apparently without effort kep up with her. There was a sudden scam

pering in the prairie dog village ahead, and dozens of the plump little beasts popped head foremost into their holes.

Then the mare's head suddenly went down. There came a muffled snap, like the breaking of a well seasoned hickory wand. The mare's front teeth ground into the earth, and turning upon them as upon a pivot her body fell forward and sidewise. Her right fore leg had gone to to the knee in a marmot's hole and been

The saddle, with its burden, was under her, it was crushed, twisted and stained, and the stains-scarlet in the moonlightwere gradually growing larger.
Further than the regularly recurren

rise and fall of the mare's yellow sides there was no motion in the recumbent heap. One or two adventurous prairie dogs put out their heads and snuffed the the air for a moment, ready at the slightest motion to tumble back into their city of refuge; but upon finding that no movement came from the object of their fear. they grew bolder, and soon the whole village was scampering about as before. They had no fear of the coyotes, which seemed to be mustering from every point of the compass. Was it a sixth sense which told the wolves that there was game afoot, or did their fine nostrils catch the distant scent from the mare's wounded leg and the slowly growing stains about the saddle? As they drew near to the quarry their long drawn howls were changed to shrieks; their cries became louder, like those of hounds on a trail, and when the reeking trail ended at the prostrate bodies, they shortened into barks

At first the brutes skulked among the bushes and grass, but as the hours grew older they gradually closed in upon the victims until one, more adventurous than the rest, made two sudden leaps forward, and with his yellow teeth tore the mare's

She lifted her head. It was then that O'Rourke heard the scream, which he was ready to lay his hat was the scream of, a

The mare never screamed again.

Before morning the prairie dog village was only cumbered with a few shreds and patches of leather, a buckle or two and a dragged away to be gnawed in the privacy of the ravines .- Henry Newport in

Fate of a French Sculptor. M. Anatole France relates the following the poverty which is the fate of many modern sculptors. In the Ecole des Beaux-Arts can be seen a bronze Mercury without the right arm. It was the last work of Briant, who, though the recipient of the Prix de Rome, could hardly earn enough to pay for his bread. He lived in a garret and never warmed his room unless a model was sitting. One night it became so cold that he took all his clothes and threw them on his bed. Suddenly he re-membered his Mercury, and that the cold might freeze the clay and spoil his masterwork, so he took his clothes off his bed again and put them over the statue. Next morning he was found dead in his bed, frozen, as was his statue; and when an attempt was made to remove it, the arm broke off.—Chicago Times.

How to Betain Health. It is impossible to lay down any rules for health which may be followed safely by all persons. Health depends largely upon the diet. Some people cannot eat titutions induces fullness of the head and a feverish state of the system, be therefore be discarded, and a little salt meat or fish, if the appetite craves it, with fresh fruit and vegetables, will be found probably to be just what the system requires. In truth, with health, as in many other things, each person must be a law unto himself.—Medical Journal.

Professional Aristograts. One of the worst signs of the times is the hardness and want of feeling in the professional classes for those they are pleased to term beneath them, a survival of the old aristocratic leaven, working in new ferment in the warmth of wealthy college atmosphere.—New York Mail and

Scientists state that water once contaminated by sewage never becomes puri-

Theodore Tilton's Contented Life.

Mr. Tilton is passing now, he tells his friends, the most peaceful and contented years of his life. It is three years since he domiciled himself in Paris, and he will probably end his days there. He has a floor in a grand old mansion, once the home of the Ducs de Nemours, an ancient building on the Ile de Paris, back of Notre Dame, in the very heart of historic associations. Here he spends much of his time writing, reading, living happily within himself. For the rest, he is free to dine wherever his vagrant fancy dictates, to find companionship wherever he chooses. Most often he is to be met late afternoons at the Cafe Regence, one of the very few of the famous pre-revolution resorts which the Haussmannization of the right bank of the Seine has left intact. Here for a century and more have the best chess players of Paris assembled. Alfred de Musset was a habitue, and many of the

older men remember him well. A far more distinguished frequenter of the Regence-whom few enough of the company can recall having seen even in his later life—was a certain keen eyed, aquiline nosed young lieutenant of artillery, M. Napoleon Bonaparte. A little metal tablet is set into the dark marble of one of the tables recording that here the future emperor was wont to sit and school his mind for Marengo and Austerlitz in the mazes of chess. I fancy that no dreams of fame or of especial achievement come now to Mr. Tilton. The work upon which he is engaged is understood to be ephemeral in character-done as much for the sake of occupation and mental relief as anything else. His chief interest is to like his life and to keep it smooth, uneventful restful, within the compass of simple desires and pleasant associations.—New York Times.

The Washington Family's Wine. The Washingtons drank wine at their ton's household effects in the Nationa museum in Washington shows that the china contained many choice bits. In the collection there is an immense punch bowl and several wine services, an the chaplain of congress the time Wash ington was president records a presidential dinner at which he says that Gen. Washington had a silver pint cup of beer at his late which he drank while eating. The Washington family had much fine wine in their cellars at Mount Vernon; but though Washington drank a glass or so of Madeira at his meals, there is no record of his Martha Washington appreciated the value of good wine is evidenced by her will. In it she gives a pipe of wine to George Washington Parke Custis, and directs that all the wine bottles in . Mount Vernon vaults be equally divided between her granddaughters and grandson. - Frank

THE DESTINY MAKER.

I saw that she was very fair; And, with my sighs that pride suppress'd, There rose a trembling wish for rest. But I, who had resolv'd to be The maker of my destiny, I turn'd me to my task and wrought, And so forgot the passing thought. She paused; and I who question'd there, I heard she was as good as fair; And in my soul a still, small voice

Enjoin'd me not to check my choice. But I, who had resolv'd to be The maker of my destiny, I bade the gentle guardian down And tried to think about renown. She left: and I who wander fear There's nothing more to see or hear; Those walls that ward my paradise Are very high, nor open twice.

And I, who had resolv'd to be The maker of my destiny, Can only wait without the gate And sit and sigh: "Too late! too late!" WORK OF A MODEL.

MLLE. ELIA WRITES OF HER OWN ENORMOUS EDITIONS FOR JUVE-STUDIO EXPERIENCE. Beginning Work When a Little Girl-An

Incensed Mother-Difference Between French Artists and American Painters The Model's Ideas. models, and one day, I remember it well, I was only 12 years old at the time, a

friend said to me: "Elia, how would you like to pose for an artist? M. Corros, the great painter, wants a little girl to sit for him. He is making a canvas of a village scene, and he asked me to find somebody, and you are just the one that would suit him." I didn't dare to tell my mother, but next morning, with a fast beating heart, I knocked at the door of M. Corros' studio. I had not long to wait, for a tall man with a kindly face and a musical voice opened the door and said: "Come in, little girl," in a manner that made me feel at home at

It was an odd place and I confess I was not

a little interested in the many things I saw. The room, a large one, was littered with

bits of statuary and bric-a-brac strewn

about. The walls were covered with worn

out tapestries and hideous helmets, shields and deadly battleaxes. M. Corros himself was dressed in a red smoking gown with a fez poised on the back of his head, and his feet were incased in pointed Turk-ish slippers. Indeed, it would make any girl a bit scary. He took me by the hand and led me to an easel upon which there was a half finished painting of a little Swiss maiden milking a cow. "Take off your dress and put this one on," he said, handing me a skirt and bodice, such as are worn in the Bernese Alps. Without waiting he began to loosen the buttons of my waist. Before I had time to realize what had occurred I stood there with my peasant's dress on. Next he showed me a photograph of a peasant girl with a milk pail in her hand and asked me to assume the same position. I was rather clever then — French girls usually are — and naturally I fell into the position. "Good!" exclaimed monsieur, and after making a few suggestions and arranging the folds of my skirt he filled a long pipe, and, taking up his palette, dropped into a seat

before the easel. "Stand that way as long as you can and tell me when you get tired. Sing, laugh, do anything you please, only don't move more than you can possibly help till I give you permission." He daubed his brushes over the pats of paint on his palette, and through the thick clouds of fragrant smoke that rose from his pipe I watched him work away. I stood there half an hour at least, encouraged by the snatches of familiar songs that monsieur sang as he worked away. Suddenly he dropped the brush and came over to me. "Bravol" he cried. "You are a little brick, and now you shall have your reward." With that he opened an ancient carved cupboard, took therefrom the lightest cups and saucers I had ever seen and began to set a three legged table. He had no end of sweetmeats, biscuit, cakes and fruit and, best of all, coffee, which he himself made, using milk instead of water to cook

We sat down and ate and drank, M Corros saying funny things all the while. During the meal he casually referred to my parents, asked me if my mother was kind to me and if I had brothers and sis-

self to my heart's content, I resumed my position and monsieur painted away an hour longer, and I put on my things behind a screen and prepared to go home.
"Come again to-morrow," said mon-sieur, pressing a five franc piece in my hand, "and say to your mother that I shal

At his request, after I had gorged my

use you for a week to come at least."

I plucked up courage, and just before said my evening prayers I handed my mother the coin I had earned, confessed everything, got a sound beating and fell Next morning my mother escorted me to the studio, determined to rebuke M.

Corros for having engaged me as his smith's scoffer she remained to pray, and in less than five minutes everything wa settled and from that time forth I took my place in the army of models that live in the studios of the Rue Clichy and I posed for Corros three years, and oh! we did have such jolly times. French artists are not at all like your American painters. They are kind and treat their models just as if they were boon com

panions. They don't say, like your Americans do to their models in a cruel, chilly way: "Ah, Miss X., you have come to sit for me. Just take your position and wait till I get ready. There, keep your back straight; don't wink and try to appear at rest." The idea of a person trying to assume the natural, unre strained pose of a simple girl before a spinning wheel in a stiff backed chair with her hands crossed in her lap! That's the very reason why most American painters can't paint. They don't choose their models from the right material. All they want is a girl with a good figure and never care whether she is graceful or not Instead of allowing an experienced model to assume her own positions, to an extent, they insist that the model should

sit just as they wish and distort herself until she looks like a mannikin. In Paris it is different. The artist knows his model, as she is one of his best friends 'I want to paint a nun at mass or a princess at a ball, mademoiselle," he says. Then perhaps he will take up a guitar, strum a few bars of a waltz while the model leisurely undresses in his presence and dons her costume. "How would you stand, suppose I was the prince and led you into the ballroom, and we were saluted by the guests?" Of course a graceful model catches the idea at once. She stands one way, then another, and so on until the artist hits upon the one he likes, and im parting a few ideas about the arrangemen of the drapery he goes about his Everything is natural, and that is the rea son in a great measure why French paint ers are so successful in their efforts. Then again, from her friendly relations with the artist, the model takes the liberty of criticising the painting in its various

distance from the cantes the model can better judge the effect than the artist, who is close to the canvas, and hundreds of times, while posing for Cabanel, Bac canvitch and Van Beers, I have called their attention to what I thought was out of harmony with the rest of the work. Kindly Baccanvitch-who, by the way, is a coarse looking Russian, with barbarous manners, but as tender as a blushing gir at heart-would thank me for such sug gestions. For a model to tell an American artist anything about painting would only incur his displeasure or perhaps bring forth a mild oath or two.—Mile. Elia in

Poet Whittier's Protest. The autograph fiend has exhausted even the exemplary patience of Mr. Whittier, who has written to The Critic that he finds it impossible to reply to solicitations which reach him by every mail for autographs, notices of books and answers to the writers or himself. He has neither time nor strength for the examination be responsible for the care of them. The letters of friends, known and unknown, are always welcome, and he trusts that occasional delay in responding to them .-

A gentleman who has resided in the Yellowstone National park for many years, and is well acquainted with its condition, says that "the game in the park is increasing, while the number of visitors increases. At the present time there are two herds of buffalo, aggregating about 130; there are about 5,000 elk, 700 or 800 mountain sheep, 50 moose, several hundred antelope, 500 blacktail deer, the streams contain many beaver, streams and lakes full of trout, mountain lions are frequently met with, wildcats and lynx quite plentiful."-New York Post.

A spectroscopic study of the sun has given Professor J. N. Lockyer, the English astronomer, reason for believing that the substances now regarded as elementary are really compound; while Professor William Crookes, probably as able a physicist as any living, finds that the observed phenomena of chemistry and physics point very strongly to the conclusion that all the so-called elements are when Barras was onsted from power, and but variations of a single form of matter, she was without dispute declared to be the which he terms "protyle," - Arkansa most beautiful woman in Europe, which rank she held for fifteen years.

NOVELS FOR THE BOYS.

NILE AMERICAN READERS. Young America An Insatiable Devoure of Chean Literature-Instructions to Contributors-How the Copy is Turned Out-In War Times.

The boys of this country are insatiable devourers of cheap literature. There are just a dozen cheap libraries in this city that issue half dime and dime novels for boys. All except one issue a book every week, the average of each edition being about 25,000. Some of the books run into several editions. One of Meredith's yarns was put on the press seven times. other story also sold enormously. About 400 authors are engaged in writing these publisher says he pays from \$10 to \$15 to and wormwood bracer is to the saloon new men and gets his old writers very pet, and he bowed and smiled on the procheap. For the \$10 to \$15 a writer has to furnish copy of 30,000 words, or from twenty to thirty words for a cent. Another library pays about \$25, and goes up to \$200 for reputation and popularity. Another pays \$75 to \$250, and won't accept anything it doesn't consider worth \$75. It issues printed instructions to all contributors as follows:

"Authors who write for our considera tion will bear in mind that: We prohibit all things offensive to good taste, in expression or incident; we prohibit subjects or characters that carry an immoral taint; we prohibit the repetition of any occurrence which, though true, is better left untold; we prohibit what cannot be read with satisfaction by every right minded person, old and young alike; we require your best work; we require unquestioned originality; we require pronounced strength of plot and high dramatic interest of story; we require grace and pre-cision of narrative styles and correctness in composition; authors must be familiar with characters and places which they introduce, and not attempt to write in fields of which they have no intimate knowl-GRINDING OUT THE COPY.

The concern that issues these instruc

tions requires 40,000 to 80,000 words, and at the cheapest rate would be five and onethird words for a cent. The cheap rate named thus pays three-fifths the price of ordinary copying. The authors of established popularity get very satisfactory prices. The number of persons who experiment with the business of writing these stories is declared to be wonderful. Some of the libraries reject three out of four manuscripts, others eight out of ten, not counting the productions of the writers that are on the regular corps, and who can grind out the same kind of copy with the precision of machinery. The latter are supposed to get up their stories on the principle of a game of cribbage, and they simply take the pegs out of one hole and stick them in another, adding variety and producing the originality called for in the instructions by changing the starting point from the center to the corners, or vice versa, and picking up the pegs in a diagonal line or around the circle, as the thing that is well cooked and palatable, case may be. Some of the best writers in the country are stated to have attempted this line of writing, but have failed, branching out into irrelevant dialogue d padding up with descriptions, not be ing able to keep up the interest in situation or dialogue. The latter is absolutely essential, as the average boy has to slide down the hill of one page very fast or he

von't try to climb the top of the next. One of the library publishers was stopped by Anthony Comstock from publishing the Jesse James series, under the law prohibiting the making of heroes out of notorious criminals. The publishers the patient for raw onions, some were say it takes an edition of 7,000 to pay for a sixteen page dime book and 10,000 for twenty-four hours it had entirely disthe half dime work. The business is now picking up from the depression of the past | my patients what they crave, and merol few years. During the war the dime novels sold enormously among the soldiers. The war library is playing out, the sales having dwindled to very light figures. The books of these libraries are sold all ver the country.-New York Mail and

Indestructibility of Clay. Clay, when placed in any particular form, such, for example, as an embank ment, will retain that form unchanged for centuries, when protected from strong knowledge of this fact, or from accident the primitive inhabitants of this country built their mounds and other monument invariably of clay, and the passing centu-ries have left no mark upon them that will give to the antiquarian even a hint of their age. Had these monuments of a lost race been built of stone the progress of decay would have given us some date to estimate the period of the "mound builders," but a mound of clay in a dense leaves, is indestructible. A thousand years will pass and leave no footprints upon it. If clay was a rare article its wonderful properties would be a subject of constant comment, but familiarity with any object is always unfavorable to careful o ervation and close scrutiny.—Bos-

ton Budget.

The very latest is "jounce." Mash masher and mashed are not obsolete, but ancient, which is worse. To be up wit the times you must consider the young man whose eyes have rested on you in fond approval, not, as heretofore, reduced to the formless state of the jelly fish, but shaken up, jolted, as when encountering some obstruction in the downward swe of the smooth going toboggan. "He's jounced," you say as you observe the broken bones of the victim and turn to fresh fields and candidates new. Great indeed is philology and great is the young woman. Her capacities for enriching the English language are without bounds .-

"On Ornamental Poles." Discussing the problem of disposing of telegraph and other electric wires, the well informed and appreciative London Standard remarks that in American cities they are run along the streets "on ornamental poles." Thus is the stigma of dis grace removed from a long suffering na tional institution, and the most conspicuous feature of our urbane scenery en shrined as a thing of beauty and joy forever .- New York Tribune.

Imitators of Miss Murfree.

Miss Murfree's success has of course lrawn outen host of imitators, one enterprising young woman even going so far a to announce in her circulars that she had purposely gone to the mountains and toms, "in hope of bringing out certain phases of mountain life unpardonably neglected by those who have hitherto written of it."-New York Graphic.

But when a foreigner marries a Mexican woman he ought invariably to settle here for it is very rare that his wife can live climate and pine for that universal cordiality and warmth of manner by which they have been surrounded in Mexico; questions on matters of no real interest to they yearn for the lassies-aller and ab sence of all etiquette in habits, toilets, etc. In other countries they find themselves surrounded by women so differently edu cated as to be doubly strangers. A very few instances have been recorded of Mexican girls who have been married and take his age and state of health will excuse an | to Europe when very young who have acquired European ways of thinking and even prefer the land of adoption to their own; but these cases are so rare as scarce ly to form exceptions. They are true pa triots, for the visible horizon bounds all their wishes. In France, Spain or Italy they might manage to exist, but in the United States or England they would be as much out of their natural element as fish out of water. An icy climate, not colder than the manners of the people, harsh language almost impossible to ac quire, a religion which they consider heretical, etiquette carried to excess, and insupportable order in the toilet-rebosos own, cigaritos considered barbarous -they feel like exiles from paradise and live only in hopes of return.-City of

> Derivation of "Boodle." A writer in a Washington newspaper suggests that the word "boodle" is doubts derived from the Dutch word "boedel," which means property or goods. A "boedelster," he says, is the attorney or other person who finally possesses the Retained Her Beauty. The celebrated Mine, Recamier was 38

THE VICTIMS OF QUININE. An Insidious Drug Which Enlivens but Does Not Intoxicate.

A young man with a pale face, close clipped hair, graceful mustache, dexterous white hands, and clad in the neatest attire sauntered into a Fifth street drug store yesterday forenoon and glanced at that corner of the room where the mineral water spigots were displayed.
"He's a lily, but he's gone on the drug, whispered a clerk whose duty it didn't chance to be to wait on him. "See, he don't even have to ask for what he wants," continued the clerk, as another "capsule shooter" nimbly tripped up to the customer, produced a jar of pills, poured out a couple, and presented them to the customer with a glass of mineral water to furnish them transportation The customer swallowed , the mineral water as though they had been a part of his daily food ever since the war. They were evidently to him what the gin prietor s he turned on his heel and disappeared. His shadow was still in sight when a thin, cadaverous looking man wearing unmistakable signs of minstrelsy -a plug hat that was not new and yards of hair on the edges of his coat-entered the door. He was a stranger in the place and he had to ask in his artless, burnt cork way for quinine pills before the accommodating clerk brought down the jar of little pellets. He took three, and, as an economic measure, undertook to make away with them without the mineral water accompaniment. They lodged, and he began in a disturbed tone, as the clerk was presenting his change:

"Take out for a glass"-"Yes, there is an increased demand for quinine," said the clerk who had called attention to the first customer. "It is just like the drinking habit with men, the demand gradually increases. The customers for quinine are, in the main, peo-ple who consider the use of intoxicating liquors a terrible vice. They are people of frail physique, whom a few hours work exhausts. They discover that quinine is an appetizer for them, and they begin taking small doses of it. If four grains brighten them up in the beginning, it will take more than a dozen grains to produce the same effect in a year. Most of them drop into a drug shop in the evening, while on their way home to dinner. and get a dose of quinine pills propor tioned in size to the time they have been slaves to the habit. It completely knocks out a confirmed feeder on the insidious drug to stop using it, and only a few ever

"The ladies, too, are quinine consum ers. More of them than you would ever suspect drop in after the matinee or after they have made a long and tiresome round shopping to enliven themselves with the seductive quinine pill. There are not many ladies who are killing themselves with the stuff, like many frail clerks and business men are."-St. Louis Republican,

An Invalid's Craving. I am a sufferer from nervous dyspepsia. I find from experience that when my thing that is well cooked and palatable, and no one should eat what is not. I once of a young girl whose stomach utterly refused to retain any food. She became impressed with the notion that raw onions would agree with her, but the doctor, although he failed to understand the nature of the case, declined to gratify what he considered a mere whim. The result was that the poor girl died of starvation. An examination of the body then revealed the fact that a substance resembling gristle stopped the passage from the stomach to the intestines. Recollecting the desire of solved. I believe in and practice giving exercise judgment as to quantity. could cite a number of cases of successful treatment on this plan.-Herald of

Steam Under Pressure. Steam, as compared with water, occupies 1,728 times as much space. A cubic of steam at atmospheric pressure. Now, if this steam is compressed into half the it will be double that pressure or fifteen pounds above the atmosphere; it will then occupy only 864 cubic inches. If reduced again to half its volume, it will occupy 432 cubic inches, and will have thirty pounds pressure. Reduced again to half the volume, the steam will occupy 216 cubic inches, and will have sixty pounds pressure to the square inch. We can go on reducing in this way until we find that a cubic inch of water turned into steam and compressed into a space of three cubic inches will have the enormous pressure of 3.840 pounds to the square inch.-Boston

The Plug Hatted Youth. "When I was a boy," said a man on the rear end of a street car, "a woolen cap was good enough for any fellow. It has got so now, however, that a 16-year-old boy thinks he can't go to a party or to the theatre without a plug hat. If there is anything in this spherical earth of ours that makes me weary of life and sour on all creation it is to see a scissored legged boy fifteen years from his mother's lap parading the streets with a plug hat erched upon his head. It makes me just itch to give him the gray hairs, the wrinkles, and the aches of age and then kill him off as soon as possible. These young men are getting too fast for their

Fibre of Milk Weed. American inquisitiveness and ingenuity united have produced thread made from the blossom of the common milk weed which has the consistency and tenacity of imported flax or linen thread and is produced at a much less cost. The fibre is long, easily carded and may be readily adapted to spinning upon an ordinary flax spinner. It has the smoothness and lustre of silk, rendering it valuable for sewing machine use.-Frank Leslie's.

Island of Juan Fernandez. The island of Juan Fernandez is to be rendered of more practical value than it was in the days of Robinson Crusoe. An enterprising individual in Valparaiso advertises that he will run a steamer so as to enable all to pass a vacation there who wish to escape the chances of cholera in Valparaiso.—Chicago Times.

The Reward of Merit. A Burlington woman hailed a half frozen tramp the other day: "Say, come around to the back door and I'll give you appearance she exclaimed: "There! you've done a good job for me. You've broken a path to the clothes line, and here's a temperance tract for you."-Burlington Free

Scott in the Mexican War. His victories have never received the credit justly due them on account of the apparent case with which they were gained. The student of military history will rarely meet with accounts of hattles in any age where the actual operations coincide so exactly with the orders issued upon the eve of conflicts as in the official reports of the wonderfully energetic and with a handful of men, renewed the memory of the conquest of Cortes, in his tricapital. The plan of the battle of Cerro Gordo was so fully carried out in action that the official report is hardly more than the general orders translated from the future tense to the past. The story of Chapultepec has the same element of the steel portrait of Dr. Jeter, marvelous in it. The general commands otherwise same, \$3.00; Cloth, without porapparent impossibilities in the closest detail on one day, and the next day reports that they have been accomplished. These successes were not cheaply attained. The Mexicans, though deficient in science and military intelligence, fought with bravery and sometimes with desperation. The enormous percentage of loss in his army proves that Scott was engaged in no light work .- The Century.

I watched a woman weighing herself in a grocery store the other day. She had just purchased a pound package of salerstepped on to the scales. "Why, I've gained a pound!" she remarked to herself when she had finished manipulating the weights. Then, remembering her saleratus, she "Oh, Lord! I forgot I had this," and hastily popped the package into her

trying to fathom the mystery .-- Pioneer

COURTING AMONG THE MEXICANS. How the Mexican Romeo Woos His Juliet-"Playing the Bear."

Speaking of the senoritas, notwithstandig the fact that they are prone to flirt, they are very circumspect as to some things to which we Americans never give a thought. For instance, Mexican ladies seldom go out without some one of the family or a servant. They do not have gentlemen visitors. There is no chance for a gallant youth to burn the midnight oil or gas at his prospective father-in-law's expense. If a young man has been acquainted with a girl from chilhood, or by some accident is allowed to visit the family and becomes a lover, he is immediately forbidden the house and must continue his courting as best he can. It s then the balcony is of service. A signal is agreed upon, and the senorita with ears alert hears it and appears upon the balcony and converses with her lover below in the street. Notes are secretly changed, but never through the mail. To give you an idea of Mexican courtship and how Cupid breaks down the barriers made by ignorance and superstition, I will explain what is here termed "playing Leave Cooks........ 7 15 p m Leave Deans....... 7 43 p m the bear." This is a very popular game -at least it seems so-among the Mexicans. It is played by two persons, a lady and a gentleman. Both are usually young, in their teens as it were, though there are instances of the game being played by couples who had passed that period by several years. A young man becomes smitten with a fair charmer at the opera or at church.

He follows the lady to her home. Having that located he makes it his business to be in that neighborhood as much as possible. He will stroll by the house with his eyes expressive of the state of his heart, and if he should catch a glimpse of his fair one he is happy. If he receives a smile he becomes intoxicated with love and is ready to play the "bear" for an indefinite period of time. If the lady is seated on the balcony when Romeo arrives upon the scene she usually withdraws, after exchanging glances with him. This programme is kept up for months. At last he receives a smile from fair Juliet. From smiles they get to exchanging a few words. There have been actual cases where the bear has frolicked about for a year or two

before the fickle maid would exchange a word with him. Very often there are two or three bears casting longing eyes in the same direction. This frequently causes bad blood. As soon as the couple begin to know each other's voices matters propress rapidly. After they arrive at an understanding the persevering lover has-tens to the padre. The kind priest, finding that there is no reason for objection on either side, proceeds to intercede with the girl's parents and gain him admittance to the domicile of his lady love. As soon as a young man enters the house he is considered as engaged to the daughter. A wedding quickly follows and there, is no more "playing the bear" so far as that young man is concerned.—City of Mexico Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

When President Garfield was slowly dying at Elberon, and the attending surgeons were locating the fatal bullet in spots clear away from where, after death, it was discovered, an electrical apparatus was constructed by Professor Graham Bell for the purpose of finding the bit of lead. The failure was ridiculed, much to the chagrin of Bell and the doctors. The discovery has since been made that Gar-field lay on a metallic mattress, which frustrated the electricity. Now, under the sanction of the New York academy of medicine, a machine has been constructed and tested. The machine consisted of a battery, toils and other familiar telegraphic devices, but principally of a thin steel probe connected with the wires in a manner invented by Bell. The surface of the patient over an imbedded bullet was cocained, so as to deprive it of feeling. Then the probe was thrust in. As the end of the steel came within six inches of the bullet, the surgeon with his ear to a tele-phonic cup heard a humming sound, which grew louder as the metal was apber of times, and the trial was regarded as a success. Later, a war veteran subentered his chest and remained somewhere in him for twenty years. The needle hummed its way to the lead's hidi and it was removed. Dr. John H. Girdner, who operated the instrument, said life in all probability.—New York Sun.

Cheap Books at Dry Goods Stores. Walking along with E. R. Pelton, the ublisher of The Eclectic Magazine, and the agent of Lippincott's, I inquired of him how it was that dry goods stores could sell books so much below regular rates, as I noticed in one store Grant's memoirs were marked at \$2.27 a volume, and Chambers' Encyclopædia and other books for little over one-half the advertised retail price. Mr. Pelton explained this by saying that these big dry goods stores as a rule did not invest any money in books. They sold them on commission, often small enough to only cover the ex-pense. Publishers and booksellers in this way worked off surplus stock, or as they did not have to handle the goods they could afford to take a very small profit. Mr. Pelton said that this had sericusly injured the retail book business which was now transacted on 5 and 10 per cent. margins.-New York Tribune.

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CONDENSED SCHEDULE, IN EFFECT DECEMBER 19, 1886.

Southbound.	No. 52	Northbound.	No. 53
Lve Walhalla	8.20 am	Lve. Columbia	11.00 am
Seneca	9.00 am	Newberry	1.01 pm
Anderson	10.45 am	Ninety-Six	2.20 pm
Spartanb'rg	12.00 m	Greenwo'd	2.42 pm
Abbeville	10.45 am	Arr. Greenville	5.53 pm
Laurens	8.20 am	Laurens'	5,55 pm
Greenville	9.25 am	Abbeville	4.35 pm
Green wood	12,44 pm		
Ninety-Six	1.10 pm	Anderson	4.50 pm
Newberry	3.04 pm	Seneca	6.02 pm
Arr. Columbia	5.15 pm		6.85 pm
Augusta	9.20 pm	Atlanta	10.40 nm

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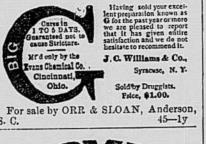
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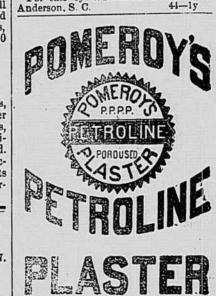
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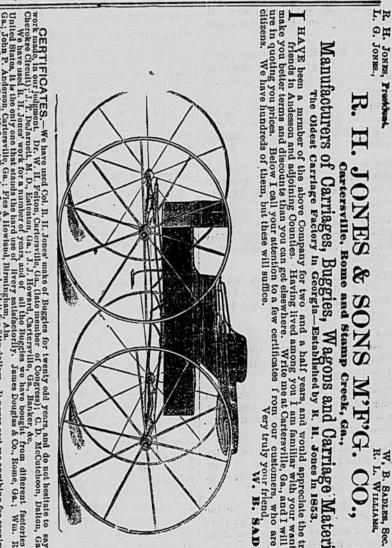
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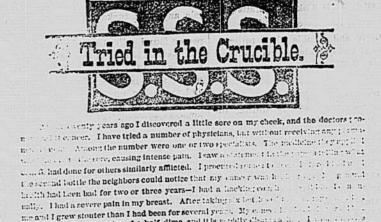
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